re not lar off.

Now, gentlemen, as I lay and observed all Now, gentlemen, as I lay and observed all these things, there was such a languor shed or er my spirits, such a sense of utter, but not ut pleasant weakness, that I hardly cared to as a myself what it all meant, or to inquire where I was, or how I came there. A conviction that all was well with me, lay like an anody ne upon my heart, and it was only slowly and gi dually that any curiosity as to how I came to be so, developed itself in my brain. I dare say we had been jogging along for a quarter of a hour, during which I had been perfectly conscius, before I struggled up into a sitting postue, and recognized the hooded back of the man at the torse's head.

Dufay?"

Dufay?"
The man with the hooded coat, who was waking by the side of the horse, suddenly cried of "Wo!" in a stursty voice; then ran to the back of the carriage and cried out "Wo!" again; and then we came to a stand-still. In another moment he had mounted on the step of the carriage, and had taken me cordially by the

What," he said, "awake at last? Thank H aven! I had almost begun to despair of

"My dear friend, what does all this mean? Where am I? Where did you come from? It is is not my caleche, that is not my horse."
Both are safe hehind," said Dufay, heartily "and having told you so much, I will not uther another word till you are safe and warm at he Lion d'Or. See! There are the lights of the town. Now, not another word."

And pulling the horse-cloth under which I was lying more closely over me, my friend dia.

ms lying more closely over me, my friend dis-ms unted from the step, started the vehicle with the customary cry of "Alions done!" and a creek of the whip, and we were soon once more

n motion. pa y circumstances had thrown me very often, and with whom I had become intimate from choice. Of the numerous class to which he belor ged, those men whose sturdy vehicles and stirdier horses are to be seen standing in the vards and stables of all the mns in provincial France—the class of the commis-voyageurs, or Franch commercial travelers—Castaing Dufay was more than a favorable specimen. I was was hore than a layorance specimen. I was ve y fond of him. In the course of our intimacy I had been fortunate enough to have the opportunity of being useful to him in matters of some importance. I think, gentlemen, we like the se we have served quite as well as they like

are town lights were, indeed, close by, and of the Lion d'Or, and found ourselves in the midst of warmth and brightness, and surround-

midst of warmth and brightness, and surrounded by faces which, after the dangers I had passed through, looked perfectly angelic.

) had no idea, till I attempted to move, how we k and dazed I was. I was too far gone for direct. A bed and a fire were the only things I c-weted, and I was soon in possession of both.

Letter no appear anguly enseeneed with my I was no sooner snugly ensconced with my het dupon the pillow, watching the crackling log as they sparkled—my little Nelly lying out ade the counterpane—than my friend seated hin self beside me, and volunteered to relieve my curiosity as to the circumstance of my escape from the Tete Noire. It was now my turn to vefuse to listen, as it had been his before to

to vefuse to listen, as it had been his before to refice to speak.

Not one word," I said, "till you have had a good dinner, after which you will come up and sit beside me and tell me all I am longing to know. And stay, yeu will do one thing more or me, I know; when you come up you will bring a plateful of bones for Nelly; she will not leave me to night, I swear, to save herself from that rime."

bone , Dufay spoke as follows:

"I said just now that it was to your liftle dog you we the preservation of your life, and I haus now tell you how it was. You remember that you left Doulaise this morning—"

t seems a week ago," I interrupted.

— "(his morning," continued Dufay. "Well!
ou sare hardly out of the inn-yard: before I
brow into it, having made a small stage before
break hat. I heard where you were gone, and
as I was going that way too, I determined to
give any horse a rest of a couple of hours, while
I breakfested and transacted gone begins in I breakfasted and transacted some business in the town, and then to set off after you. 'Have you a yidea,' I said, as I left the inn at Doulaise, whether monsieur meant to stop en route, and if so, where?' The garcon did not know.' Let me see, 'I said, the Tete Noire at Mauconseil wou'd be a likely place, wouldn't it?' 'Ne,' said the boy, 'the house does not enjoy a good character, and no one from here ever stops there.' 'Well,' said I, thinking no more of what he said, 'I shall be sure to find him. I will imp aire after him as I go along.'
'The afternoon was getting on when I came within sight of the inn of the Tete Noire. As you know, I am a little near sighted, but I saw breakfasted and transacted some business in

sou know, I am a little near sighted, but I saw
as I drew near the auler that a conveyance
of some kind was being an round to the vard
at the back of the back. s some kind was being a round to the yard to the back of the hor however, I should hav. aid no attention to, had not ny attention been suddenly caught by the violen barking of a dog, which seemed to of the inn At a second glance I knew the dog to be your Pulling up my horse, I got down and ascen d the steps of the auberge. One sniff at my shins was enough to convince Nelly that a frice I was at hand, and her excitement

"On my stering the house I did not at first see you, but a boking in the direction teward which your coat had hastened as soon as the door which led out one corner of the apartment is the standing to it saw also, that you, my friend, were been dragged up the stairs in the time of a very it. To king man, assisted by (if possible), a still that it like it led to me, the man deposited you upon the stairs, and advanted to meet me.

to meet me.
""What are you doing with that gentleman?" "He is unwell,' replied the ill-locking man and I am helping him up stairs to bed."
"That gentleman is a friend of mine. What "That gentleman is a friend of mine. What the meaning of his being in this state?"
"How should I know?" was the answer; ¶
"The should I know?" was the answer; ¶
"Well, then, I am,' said I, approaching the lace where you were lying; and I prescibe, to agin with, that he shall leave this place at the shall leave this place at the shall leave the shal

"I must own," continued Dufay, "that yet were looking horribly ill, and as I bent own and felt your bardly fluttering pulse, I felt for moment doubtful whether it was safe to move However, I determined to risk it.
"Will you help me,' I said, 'to move this

entleman to his carriage?'
"No,' replied the rullian, 'he is not fit te
ravel. Besides, what right have you over

'The right of being his friend.'
'How do I know that?'

Bacause I tell you so. See, his dog known

'And suppose I decline to accept that a dence, and refuse to let this gentleman leave house, in his present state the seatth?'



WEEKLY EDITION-NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1861.

"Because, I answered slowly, I shi go to the Geudarmerie in the village, and mion mader what suspicious circumstances Iund in my friend here, and because your house not the best of characters."

"The man was silent for a moment as little baffied. He seemed, however, determed to try once more.

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to try once more.

"And suppose I close my deors and dine to let either of you go; what is to pent

"In the first place, Panswered, I wef-"In the first place,' Panswered, 'I weffectually prevent your detaining me singe-adid. If you have assistance near, I am exped
to-night at Francy, and if I do not arrive re,
I shall soon be sought out. It was knownat
lieft Doulaise this morning, and most ple
was aware that there is an auberge on the ad
which does not bear the best of reputationand
that its name is La Tete Noire. Now, who

wanch does not bear the best of reputationand that its name is La Tete Noire. Now, whou help me?

"No," replied the savage, 'I will have thing to do with the affair.'

"It was not an easy task to drag you theat assistance, from the place where you are lying, out into the open air, down the stepand to put you into my conveyance, which as standing outside, but I managed to do it he eart thing I had to accomplish was the sa of friving two carriages and two horses singularly the two the same than the same that it is not a same to the gate of the stable yard, where I could keep my eye and his. I led my own herse round to the gate of the stable yard, where I could keep my eye and him, while I went in search of your hom and carriage, which I had to get right without sesistance. It was done at last. I fastend your horse's head by a halter to the back of my sarriage, and then leading my own beast by the bridle, I managed to start the procession, and se (though only at a foot-pace) we gaused our backs upon the Tete Noire. And now you the weverything."

"I feel, Castaing, as if I should now the same and the same and the procession."

pur backs upon the Tete Noire. And nev you thew everything."
"'I feel, Castaing, as if I should neer be able to think of this adventure, or to sak of a again. It wears, somehow or othe such a phastly aspect, that I sicken at the med memory of it."
"'Not a bit of it,' said Dufay, che'lly; 'you will live to tell it as a stirring tale sae winter

"Not a bit of it,' said Dufay, chelly; 'you will live to tell it as a stirring tale sae winter sight, take my word for it.'
Gentleman, the prediction is veried. May the teetotum fall next time with aore judg-

"Wa'al, now," said Captain Josa', rising, "Wa'al, now," said Captain Jiga", rising, with his hand upon the sleeve of h fellow-trav-sler to keep him down, "I congatulate you, ir upon that adventur; unpleasat at the time, sut pleasant to look back upon, ir many adventars in many lives are. Mr. Telgear, you had befulling for your money, and inwent hard on seing Stolen Money. It was not a sum of five andred pounds, perhaps?"

"I wish it had been half asnuch," was the maly.

reply.

"Thank you, sir. Might lask the question of you that has been already out. About this place of Lanran, did you eve hear of any ciraumstances whatever that night seem to have how—on the question."

"sever."

"sever."

"Thank you again for a traight for answer," said the captain, aplogetically. "You see, we have referred to Larean to make inquiries, and happening in anong the inhabitants arosent, we use the opportunity. In may country we always do use opportunities."

"And you turn them to good account, I believe, and prosper."

"It's a fact, sir," saidthe captain, "that we set along. Yes, we getalong, sir. But I stop be teetotum."

It was twirled again and fell to David Pol-

It was twirled again, and fell to David Polthe captain whispered to young Raybrock, "and is hard as nails. And I admire," added the saptain, glancing about, "whether Unchrises Penrewen is here, and which is he."

David Polreath stroked down the long iror grey hair that fell massively upon the shoulders of his large buttoned coat, and spake out the same stroked.

thus:
The question was, Did he throw himself over the cliff of set purpose, or did he lese his way in the dusk and fall over accidentally, or was pe pushed over by some person or persons unteresting.

tnown?

His body was found nearly fifty yards below

trive of this house. This, gentlemen is for the information of strangers.

He had been seen by many persons about the rillage during the day; I myself, had seen him go up the hill past the parsonage, toward the shurch; which I rather wondered at, consider-ing whe was buried there, and how, and why, I will even confess that I watched him, and he went—as I expected he would, since he had the seart to go near the place at all—round to the back of the church where Honor Livingstone's grave is; and there he staid, sitting by himself on the low wall for an hour or more. Some-times he turned to look across the valley—many a time, and oft I had seen him there befor with Honor beside him, watching, while he sketched the beautiful landscape—and some-times he had his back to it, and his head down, as if he were watching her grave. Not that there is anything pleasant or comforting to read there, as on the graves of good Christian people whe have died in their beds; for being a suicide, when they buried her on the north side of the church it was at dusk, and without any service, and of course no stope was allowed to church it was at dusk, and without any service, and, of course, no stone was allowed to be put up over it. Our clergyman has talked of having the mound leveled and turfed over, and I wish he would; it always hurts me when I go up to Sunday service, to see that ragged grave lying in the shadow of the wall, for I remember the pretty little lass ever since she round run alone; and though she was passionate, her heart was as good as gold. She had been religiously brought up, and I am quite sure in my own mind, let the coroner's inquest have taid what it would, that she was out of herself, and Beellam-mad when she did it. and Bedlam-mad when she did it.

The verdict on him was "accidental death,"

and he had a regular funeral—priest, bell, slerk, and sexton, complete; and there he lies, only a stone's throw from Honor, with a ton or two of granite over him, and an inscription, setting forth what a great man he was in his sway with tears in their eyes after reading the Sourishing inscription: believing it all like gespel, and saying how sad that so distin-guished a man should have been cut off in the prime of his days. But I don't in the prime of his days. But I don't believe it. He was never any more than plain James Lawrence to me—a young fellow who, as a lad, had paddled barelegged over the stones of the river, as a guide across for visitors; who had been taken a fancy to by one of them, and decently educated; who had made the most of his luck, and done a clever thing or two in engineering; who had come back among us in all his glory, to dazale most people's eyes, and break little Honor Livingston's heart. The one good thing I know of him was, that he pensioned his poor old mother; but he did not often come near her, and never after Honor Livingston was dead—no, not even in her last illness. It was a marvel to everybody what brought him ever here, when we saw him the day before he was found dead; but it was his fate, and he couldn't keep away. That him the day before he was found dead; but it was his fate, and he couldn't keep away. That is my view of it. About his death, and the manner of it, all Laurean had its speculation, and said its say; but I held my peace. I had my opinion, however, and I keep it. I have never seen reason to change it; but on the contrary, I can show you evidence to establish it. I do not believe he either threw himself over the cliff, or fell over, or was pushed over; no I believe he was drawn over the day of the country of the cliff.

made in a little book that was found among his things after he was dead, you will know what I mean. His cousin gave that book to me, knowing I am carious after odd stories of the neighborhood; and what I am going to read, is writen in his hand. I know his hand well, and certify to it:—

PAMAGES PROM JAMES LAWRENCE'S JOURNAL LORDON, August 11, 1829.

LORDON, August 11, 1829.

Honor Livingston has kept her word with ma. I saw her last night as plainly as I now see this pen I am writing with, and the ink-bottle I have just dipped it into. I saw her standing betwixt the two lights, looking at me, exact; as she looked the last time I saw her alive. I was neither asleep, nor dreaming-awake. I had only drunk a couple of glasses of wine at dimer, and was as much my own man as easy I was in my life. It is all nonsense to take about fancy and optical delusions in this case; I saw her with my eyes as distinctly as I ever aw her alive in the body. The hall clock had just struck eight, and it was growing dusk: exactly the time of evening, as I well remember, when she came creeping round by the cottage wall, and saw me through the open window, gathering up my books and making ready to go away frem Ashendell. She vas the last thought to have come into my mind at that moment, for I was just on the point all lighting my cigar and geing out for a stro 4, before turning in at the Daltons, to chit with Anne. All at once there she was, Henor herself! I could have sworn it, had I not seen them put her under ground just a twelve month ago. I could not take my exact. nor herself! I ceuld have sworn it, had I m t seen them put her under ground just a twelve month ago. I could not take my eye off her; and there she stood, as nearly as I can sell, a minute—but it may have been an hear—and then the place she had filled was empty. I was so much bewildered and out of myself as it were, that for a while I could neither think of anything, nor hear of anything, but the mad heavy throbbing of my own pulses. I cannot say that I was scared exactly; for the time I was completely rapt away; the first actual sensation I had was of my own heart thumping in my own breast like a sledge-hammer.

mer.
But I can call her up now and analyze her-

thumping in my own breast like a sledge-hammer.

But I can call her up now and analyze her—wan, vague, misty outline, with Honor's own syes full upon me. I can almost fancy I heat ber asking again, "Is it true you're goin, 5 James? You're not really going, James?"

Now I am not the man to be trightened by a shadow, though that shadow be Honor Livin, ston, whom they say I as good as mnrdered. (always had a turn for investigating riddles, spiritual, physiological and otherwise; and I shall follow this mystery up, and note whether also comes back to me year, as she promised I have never kept a diary of personal matter before, not being one who cares to see spectre of himself at remote periods of his life talking to him again of his adventures and misadventures out of yellow old page that had better never have been writtes but this is a marked event worth commeme rating, and a well-authenticated ghost-story we me who never believed in ghosts before.

It was a rather spiteful threat of Honor—"I'll haunt yeu till you come to the Ashenfa II, where I'm going now!" I might have stopped her, but it never entered my mind what she meant until it was done. I did not expect she would make a tragedy of a little love story; she did not look like that sort of thing. She was no ghost, bless her! in the flesh, but as round, rosy, dimpled a little creature as one would wish to see; and what could possess ber to throw herself over the fall, Heaven only knows. Bah; Yes, I know; I need tall no lies here, I need not do any false sweaning to myself—the poor little creature loved me and I wanted her to love me, and I patted and plagued her into loving me, because I was idle and I had the opportunity; and then I had nothing better to tell her than that I was only in jest—I could not marry her fer I was engaged to another woman. She would not believe it until she saw me making ready to go; and then, all in a moment I suppose, madness seized her, and she neither knew where she went nor what she did.

I fancy I can see her now coming

She deserves some dinner," said Defay, as he left the room, "for I think it is through her instrumentality that you are alive at this mon."

The bliss in which I lay, after Dufay had left the room, is known only to those who have least are newly relieved from some condition of so zero and protracted saffering. It was a stat of perfect repose and happiness.

It was a stat of perfect repose and happiness.

When my friend came back, he brought—not only a plate of fowl bones for Nelly, but a basin of s up for rae. When I had finished lapping it u, and while Nelly was still crunching the bone i, Dufay spoke as follows:

"I said just now that it was to your littledog in the low brown of the least are now by some person or persons us frown?

His body was found nearly fifty yards below the fall, caught in the low branches of the trees the fall, caught in the low branches of the trees the fall, caught in the low branches of the trees the fall, caught in the low branches of the trees the fall, caught in the low branches of the trees the fall, caught in the low branches of the trees the fall is figured, so much so as to be hardly recognization. I can see her now coming the stone distribution of the fields leading her tittle brother by the hand, and I faney I can see the saucy laugh she gave me over her listle brother by the hand, and I faney I can see the saucy laugh she gave me over her listle brother by the hand, and I faney I can see the saucy laugh she gave me over her listle brother by the hand, and I faney I can see the saucy laugh she gave me over her listle brother by the hand, and I faney I can see the saucy laugh she gave me over her listle brother by the hand, and I faney I can see the saucy laugh she gave me over her listle brother by the hand, and I faney I can see the saucy laugh she gave me over her listle brother by the hand, and I faney I can see the saucy laugh she gave me over her listle brother by the hand, and I faney I can see the saucy laugh she gave me the saucy laugh she gave me to listle brother if she remembered when we went to dame-school together, and when she promised to be my little wife? If she remembered! Of course she did, every word of it, and more; and she was so pretty, and the lanes in the summer were so pleasant that sometives my fancy did play Anne Dalton false, and I believed I should like Honer better; and I said more than I meant, and she took it all in the grand serious

I was not much to blame, I would not have injured her for the world; she was as good a little soul as ever lived. Love and jealousy, as passions, seem to find their strongholds under thatch. If Phillis, the milkmaid, is disappointed, she drowns herself in the mill-pool; if Lady Clara gets a cross of the heart, she indites a lachrymose sonnet, and marries a gouty peer; if Colin's sweetheart smiles on Lubin, Colin loads his gun and shoots them both; if Sir Harry's fair flouts him, he whistles her down the wind, and goes a woeing elsewhere. Had little Honor been a fine lady, she would be living still. Oh, the pretty demure lips, and the glances and rosy blushes! When I saw anne Dalton today I could not help comparing her frigid gentility with poor Honor. Anne loves herself better than she will ever love any man alive. But then I know she is the kind of wife to help a man up in the world, and that is the kind of wife for me.

Honor Livingston lying on her little bed, and her blind mother feeling her celd dead face! I wish I had never seen it. I would have given I wish I had never seen it. I would have given the world to keep away, but something compelled me to go in and look at her; and I slid feel then as if I had killed her. Last night she was a shadowy essence of this drewned Ophelia and of her Jiving self. She was like, yet unlike; but I knew it was Honor; and I suppose, if she has her will, wherever her restless spirit may be sondemned to bide between whiles—on the teath of August she will lawys come hack to tenth of August she will always come back to

me, and haunt me until I go to her. Hastings, August 11, 1830.

for a moment."

I begged her not to talk about it, assured her

to me by-and-by. And when he got me by myself, I cannot tell how it was, but he absolutely contrived to worm the facts out of me, and I was fool enough to let him de it. He looked at me very oddly, with a sort of suspicious scrutiny in his eye; but I understood him; and said, laughing, "No, doctor, no, there is nothing wrong here," tapping my forehead as I spoke.

"I should say se except this fancy for seeing ghosts," replied he, dryly. But I perceived, all the time that he was with me, that I was the object fof a furtive and carefully dissembled observation, which was excessively trying. I could with difficulty keep my temper under it, and I believe he saw the struggle.

I fancy he wanted to have some talk with amne by herself, but I prevented that, toe, by immediately ordering Anne to pack up out tra, wand coming back to town that very day. I have nor been well since. I feel out of spirits bered, worried, sick of every thing. If the feeling does not leave me, in spite of all Anne may say, I shall take that offer to go to South America, and start by the next packet. I should like to see Dr. Hutchinson's face when he calls at our lodgings to visit his patient, and finds the bird flown.

London, August 20, 1830.

face when he calls at our ledgings to visit his patient, and finds the bird flown.

Loxborn, August 29, 1836.

This wretched state of things does not cease. One day I feel in full, firm, clear possession of my sull, and the next, perhaps, I am burried to and fro with the mest tormenting fancies. I see shadows of Honor wherever I turn, and she is no longer motionless as before, but beckons me with her hand until I tremble in every limb. My heart is sick almost to death. For three days now I have had no rest. I cannot sleep at nights for hideous dreams; and Anne watches me stealthily, I see, and never remains alone with me longer than she can help. I can perceive that she is afraid of me, and that she suspects something, without exactly knowing what. Today she must needs suggest my seeing a doctor here, and when I replied I was going to South America, she told me I was not fif for it, in such a contemptuous tone of prevocation that I lifted my hand and struck her. Then she quailed, and while shrinking under my eyes, she said. "Laws seed the season of t

ploring, day by day. I prefer the living inte-rests of this strange place, and sometimes early in the morning I betake myself to the marketlace and watch the Indians dress their stalls the matter what they sell, shey decorate their she is with fresh herbs and flowers until they are sheltered under a bower of verdure. They are sneltered under a bower of verdure. They display their fruit in open basket-werk, laying the pears and raisins below, and covering them above with oderous flowers. An artist might make a pretty picture here, when the Indians arrive at sunrise in their boats loaded with the produce of their floating gardens. Next week Burton, his friend, and I are to set out for the mines of Moraa and Real del Monte. I should have preferred to delay our journey a while longer for reasons of my own, but Burton presses, and we have already delayed lenger than smough.

enough. MORAN, July 4, 1831. I am sick of this place, but our business here is new on the verge of completion, and in a fe-r days we start on our expedition to the mines of Gusnamato. The director, Burton, and myof Guanamato. The director, Burton, and myof, are all of opinion that immense advantages
are to be gained by improving the working of
the mines, which is, at present, in a very defective condition. There is great mortality among
the Indians, who are the beasts of burden of the
mines; they carry on their backs loads of metal
of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty pounds at a time, ascending and detain old men of seventy and mere children. I a we not been very well here, having had some acturn of old symptoms, but under prompt treatment they dispersed; however, I shall be thankful to be on the move again.

thankful to be en the move again.

Can any man evade his thoughts, impalpable agrees sitting on his heart, mocking like flends? I can not evade mine. All yesterday I was haunted by a terrible anxiety and dread. At sway turn, at every moment, I expected to see Haunor Livingstone appear before me, but I did ast see her. The day and the night passed, and I was freed from that great herror—how great I had not realized, until its hour had gone and tenth of August she will always come back to me, and haunt me until I go to her.

HASTINGS, August 11, 1839.

Again! I had forgotten the day—forgotten everything about that wretched business of poor Honor Livingston when last night I saw her.

Anne and I were sitting together out in the veranda, talking of all sorts of commonplace things—our neighbors' affairs, money, tinis, that, and the other—the sea was looking beautiful, and I was on the point of proposing a row by moonlight, when Anne said: "How lovely the evenings are, James, in this place! Look at the sky ower the dewn, how clear it is!" Turning my head, I saw Honor standing on the grass only a few paces off, her shadowy shape quite distinct against the reds and purples of the clouds.

Anne clutched my hand with a sudden cry, for she was looking at my face all the time, and asked me passionately what I saw. With that Honer was gone, and, passing my hand over my eyes, I put my wife off with an excuse about a spasm at my heart. And, indeed, it was no lie to say so, for this visitation gave me a terrible shock.

Anne insisted on my seeing the doctor. "It must be something dreadful, if not dangerous, that could make yes look in that way; you had an awful face, James, for a moment."

I begged her not to talk about it, assured her

I begged her not to talk about it, assured her

I begged her not to talk about it, assured her

Hunor Livingstone appear befere me, but I did and the to traday and the sight passed, and leving the at you find and treal tive from that great horror—how great I had not realized, until tits hour had gone and left no trace. This may not had not realized, until its hour had gone and left no trace. This my sight passed hod fet no trace. This may not possible and the trace trace is my spirits revive, I have escaped my enemy, and have proved that it says in the great horror—how great I had not realized, until tits hour had gone and left no trace. This my spirits revive, I have scaped my enemy, and have proved that it says in the five or my s upon me again, and my brain swerves like the brain of a drunken man I will write no more sufficient to record that the appointed time came and went, and Monor Livingston did not

that it was a thing of very rare occurrence with me and that there was no cure for it. But this did not not paoify her, and this moraing no peace could be had until Dr. Hutchinson was sent for and she had given the old gentleman here account of me. He said he would still the could put up with, and after two or three ineffectual remeastrances, we came to a

sount of my doings will precede me home; but if they do, I defy them all to do their worst.

ASHRNDELL, August 8, 1839.

This old book turned up today, among some traps that have lain by in London all the years that I have spent, first in Spain, and afterward in Russia. What fools talk it is; but I suppose it was true at the time. I knew I was in a wretched condition while I was in Mexico and in the States, but I have been sane enough and sound enough ever since the illness I had at Baltimore. Te prove how little hold on me my ancient horrors have retained, I find myself at Ashendell in the very season of the year when Honor Livingston destroyed herself—tomorrow is the anniversary of her death. So I take my snemy by the threat, and crush him. These fantastical maladies will not stand against a determined will. At Moscow, at Cherson, at Archangel, the tenth of August has come and gene unmarked. Honor failed of her threat everywhere except at Lisbon. I saw her there twice, just before we sailed. I saw her when we were off that coast, where we so nearly escaped wreck, rising and falling upon the waves. I saw her in London that day I appointed to see Anne. But I know what it means, it means that I must put myself in Umpleby's hands for a few weeks, and that the shadows will forthwith vanish. Shadows they are out of my own brain, and they take the shape of Honor because I have let her become a fixed idea in my mind Yet it is very strange that the last time sh appeared to me I heard her speak. I fancied she said that it was almost time; and then loads: "I'll hannt you James, until you come to the Ashenfall, where I am going now!" And with that she vanished. Fancy plays strange tricks with us, and makes cowards of us almost as cleverly as conscience.

August 10.

agoing to South America, she told me I was not a fet for it, in such a contemptuous tone of provocation that I lifted my hand and struck her. It hen she qualled, and while shrinking under up yers, she said, "James, your conduct is that of a madman!" Since then I knew she sits with me in silent teror, leaging to secape and find some ene to listen to her grievances. But I shall kee a brick wrad that she does nothing of the kin!. I will not have my fose of my own household, and no spyring relative shall come between us to put a under those whom God has joined together.

It is six mouths since I wrote the above. In the interval I have been miserably ill, grieviously tornesured both in mind and body; but now that I have got safely away from them all, with the Atlanthe between nyself and my wicked wife, whose conduct toward me I will never forgive. I can collect my powers of the mining districts, where we are to act. My he had feels perfectly light and clear, all my im pressions are distinct and vivid again, and I can be the same enterprise. After a few days ast right all my imaginary phantoms disappeared. Umpletly said it had been coming on gradually for months, and that there was nothing at all extraordinary in my delusions; my diseased state was one aiways so attended, more or lease. And Anne, in her cowardly maignity, would have consigned me for life to a lunatic asylum! It was Umpleby who saved me, and have put his name down in my will for a handsome remembrance. As for Anne, she has coosen to return to her family, and they may keep her; she will never see my face again, of my free will, as long as I live.

The picturesqueness of this place is not not only from the shall have put his name down in my will for a handsome remembrance. As for Anne, she has already the provided of the contraint of the family, and they may be a considered the provided of the contraint of the first of the fi

naunting power of any great misdeed that hadriven a fellow creature into deadly sin.

When David Polreath had finished, the chair-When David Polreath had finished, the chairman gave the testotum such a swift and sudden twirl, to be beforehand with any interruption, that it twirled among all the glasses, and interactive all corners of the table, and finally flew off the table and lodged in Captain Jorgan's waistcost.

"A kind of a judgment!" said the captain, taking it out. "What's to be done now? I know no story, except Down Easters, and they didn't happen to myself, or any one of my acquaintance, and you couldn't enjoy 'em without going out of your minds first. And perhaps the company ain't prepared te do that?"

The chairman interposed by rising and declaring it to be his "perroad perrivileget o step pre-liminary observations."

"Wa'al," said the captain, "I defer to the President—which ain't at all what they do is.

"Wa'sl," said the captain, "I defer to the President—which ain't at all what they do is my country, where they lay into him, head limbs, and body." Here he siapped his leg "But I beg to ask a preliminary question. Colonel Poireath has read from a diary. Might I read from a pipe-light?"

The chairman requested explanation.

"The history of the pipe-light," said the captain, "is just this; that it's verses, and was made on the voyage home, by a passenger I brought over. And he was a quiet critter of a middle-aged man, with a pleasant countenance, and he wrote it on the head of a cask. And he was a most etarnal time about it tew. And he blotted it as if he had wrote it in a continual squall of ink. And then he took an indigestion. squall of ink. And then he took an indigestion, and I physicked him, fer want of a better dector. And then to show his liking for me, he copied it out fair, and gave it to me for a pipelight. And it ain't been lighted yet, and thath

a fact."

"Let it be read," said the chairman.

"With thanks to Colonel Polreath for setting the example," pursued the eaptain, "and with apologies te the Honorable A. Parvis and the whole of the present company for this passes ger's having expressed his mind in verses which he may have done along of bein sea-sick and he was very—the pipe-light, unrolled, compute this:

We sit by the fire so wide and red,
With the dance of the young within,
Who have yet small learning of cold and dread,
And of sorrow no more than of sin;
Nor dream of a night on a sleepless bed,
Of waves, with their terrible wrecks o'erspread.

We sit round the hearth as red as gold,
And the legends beloved we tell.
How bettles were won by the nobles hold,
Where hamlets of villains fell:
And we praise our God, while we cut the bread,
And share the wine round, for our heroes dead, And we talk of the Kings, those strong, proudmen Who ravaged, confessed, and die And of churis who rabbled them m oft and again, hurls who rabbled medical or and an account of the most suit churches to pierce the day

Though the Kings built churches t Yet 'twint the despot and slave half free, Old truth may have message clear: Since she hard black yow, and the little young tree, Belong to an age—and a year, And though distant in might and in leaf they be, In right of the woods they are near.

And old Truth's message, perchance, may be "Believe in the kind, whate'er the degree, Be it King on his throne or serf on his knee, While our Lord showers light, in his bounty free, On the rock and the vale—on the sand and the see"

They are singing within, with their voices dear,
To the tunes which are dear as we'l.
And we sit and dream, while the words we hear,
Having tale of our own to tell...
Of a far midnight on the terrible sea.
White cause lead on the tune of their bittle old

\$1 FOR 16 MONTH

As old as the tile, and as old as the sky-As the King on his throne - the serf

knee,
A song whe ein rich can with poor agree,
With its chorus to make them is ugh or cry...
Which the young areainging, with no thought might
Of a night on a terrible sea:
"I care for nobody: 11s, not I,
Since nobody cares for me."

Over most of alps through the pitch black my place.
Over most of alps through the pitch black my place.
Over most of alps through the pitch black my place.
To condition the place with the terrible sea.
And there the day broke, there was blood on
From the will but eye of the sun outshed,
For the black of the sun outshed,
Falled forth in his galley to number the day of.

Sailed forth in his galley to number the der si.

And they rowed their boat o'er the terrible as to as over made of ghosts might be;

For the best in his heart had not manhood to any.

That the land was five hund: red miles away.

A day and a week. There was bread for one z can.

The water was dr... And on this, the few
Who were rowing their boas o'er the terrible can.

And how 'twas agreed on no one knew,
But the feeble and famished and scorehed by the

suo.

With his pittless eye, drew loss to agree,
What their hideous morrow of meal mast be.

Oh, then ware the feese friently by read.

Oh, then were the faces frigitful to read,
Of ravening hope, and of cowardly pride
That lies to the last, its sharp terrer to hide;
And a stillness as though "twere some game of the
Dead,
While they waited the number their le t to
decide—
There were nine in that be at on the terrible sea,
And he who drew nine was, she victim to be.
You may think what a glassily shiver there sea,
From mate to his mate, as the doors began.

SEE-had a wife with a wild rose cheek; Two—a brave boy, not a year yet old;
Two—a brave boy, not a year yet old;
Enerr—his last sister, 'ame and weak,
Who quivered with palsy more than with 'sold.
You may think what a breath the resplied draw,
And how wildly still sat the rost of the crew;
How the voice as it called spoke houser and a low-

The number it next dared to speak was ross. Twas the rude black man v he had handled as our The best on that terrible see of the few, And ugly and grim in the sunshine glare Were his talek parched lips, and his dail

were his union parous in the small eyes.

And the tangled flooce of his rusty hair—

For the next of the breath est the death lot draw,
His shout like a sword piers and the silence through,

Let the play end with your number Four,
What need to draw? Li ve along you few
Who have hopes to save and have wives to cry.
O'er the cradles of children free;
What metter if folk without home should die,
And be eaten by land or sea?
"I care for nobe dy; no, not I,
Bince nobedy cares for me!"

And with that a knift—and a heart struck through And the warm red blood, and the cold black class And the famine withdrawn from among the few, By their horrible meal for another day.

So the eight, thus fed, came at last to land, And the tale of their anip mate told, As of water found in the bu rning sand, Which braves not the thir sty, cold. But the love of the listener, safe and free, Goes forth to that slave on that terrible sea.

For fancies from hearth and from home will stary
Though within are the do not and the song:
And a grave tale told, if the tune be gay,
Says little to soare the young,
While they sing, with their voices clear as can be,
Having called; once more, for the blithe old gies'I care for nobody; no, not I.
Since nobody eares for me."

But the careless tune, it sait h to the old, Who sit by she hearth as re i as gold, who sit by she hearth as re i as gold, when they think of their i ale of the terrible san; "Believe at hy kind, whate" or the degree, Be it King on his throne, or serf on his knee, While our Lord abnoves good from his bounty free, Oper storm, over caim, over land, over sea."

while our Lord showers you I from his bounty free.
Over storm, over caim, over land, over sea."

Mr. Parvis had so greatly disquieted the minds of the Gentlemen K ing Arthurs for some minutes, by snoring with strong symptoms of apoplexy—which, in a mil-1 form, was his normal state of health—that it was now deemed expedient to wake him, and entreathim to allow himself to be escorted home. Mr. Parvis' reply to this friendly suggestion could not be placed on record without the aid of several dashes, and is therefore omitted. It was conceived in ispirit of the profoundest irritation, and exceut ed with vehemence, centempt, scorn, and disgust. There was nothing for it but to let the excellent gentleman alone, and he fell, without loss of time, into a defiant slumber.

The tectotum being twirled again, so bussed and be wed in the direction of the young fisherman, that Captain Jorgan advised him to be bright, and prepare for the worst. But it started off at a tangent, late in its career, and fell before a well-looking: bearded man (one

fell before a well-looking; bearded man (one who made working-drawings for machinery, the captain was informed by his next neighbor), who promptly took it up, like a challengers

dove.
"Oswald Penrewen!" said the chairman.
"Here's Unchris'en at last!" the captain
Alfred Raybrack. "Unchris'en

"Here's Unchris'en at last!" the captain whispered Afred Baybreck. "Unchris'en goes ahead right smart; don't he?"

He did, without one introductory word. Mine is my brother's Ghost atory. It happened to my brother about thirty years age, while he was wandering, electch-book in hand, among the High Alps, pleking "thy subjects for an illustrated work on Switzerland. Having entered the Oberland by the Bruning Pass, and filled his port-folio with what he used to call "bits" from the neighborheod of Meyringen, he went over the Great Scheideck to Brindlewald, where he arrived one dusky September evening about three quarters of an hour after sunset. about three quarters of an hour after sunset.— There had been a fair that day, and the place was crowded. In the best inn there was not su

was crowded. In the best inn there was not so inch of space to spare—there were only two inns at Grindlewald thirty years ago—so my brother went to one at the end of the covered bridge next the church, and there, with some difficulty, obtained the promise of a pile of rugs and a mattress, in a room which was already occupied by three other travelers.

The Adler was a primitive hostelry, half farm, half inn, with great rambling galleries outside, and a huge general room, like a harm. At the upper end of this room stood long stoves, like metal counters, laden with seaming pans, and glowing underneath like funnaces. At the lower end, smoking, supplus, and chatting, were congregated some thirty or forty guests, chiefly mountaineers, chardrivers, and guides. Among these my brother took his seat, and was served, like the rest, with a bowl of soup, a platter of beef, a dagest of ers, and guides. Among these my brother took his seat, and was served, like the rest, with a bowl of soup, a platter of beef, a fiagen of country wine, and a loaf made of Indian corne Presently, a huge St. Bernard dog came and laid his nose upon my brother's arm. In the meantime he fell into conversation with twelltalian youths, brenzed and dark-eyed, near whom he happened to be seated. They were Florentines. Their names, they teld him were Stefane and Battisto. They had been traveling for some menths encommission, selling cameos, mosaics, sulphaneansts, and the like pretty Indian trifles, and were now on their way to Interlaken and Ges a va. Weary of the cold North, they longest like children, for the moment which should tale them back to their own blue hills and gray, green olives; to their workshop on the Poste Vecchio, and their home down by the Arno.

It was quite a relief to my brother, on god gup to bed, to find that these youths were to be two of his fellow-lodgers. The third was Jready there, and sound as leep, with his face to the contraction of the color of the second of the color o

up to bed, to find that these youths were to two of his fellow-lodgers. The third was J ready there, and sound asleep, with his face the wall. They scarcely looked at this third They were all tired, and all anxious to rise to daybreak, having agreed to walk together over the Wengern Alp as far as Lauterbranen. So my brother and the two youths exchanged a brief good-night, and, before many minutes, were all as far away in the land of dreams as their unknown companion.

were all as far away in the fact to their unknown companion.

My brother slept profeundly—so prefoundly that, being roused in the morning by a clamor of merry voices, he sat up dreamily in his rugs, and wondered where he was.

"Good-day, Signer," eried Battiste. "Here is a fellow-traveler going the same way as our-

"Christien Baumann, native of Kandersteg, musical-box maker by trace, stands two feet eleven in hisphoes and is at Monsieur's service to command," said the sleeper of the night before. He was a fine young fellow as one would the standard of the said street, and well prod, with carling brown heir, and bright yes that seemed to dance at every were

"Good-morning," said my brother, "Ten were askep last night when we came up."
"Askep! I should think so, after being aff day in the fair, and walking from Meyringen the evening before. What a capital fair is was!"

"Capital, indeed " said Battiste, We seld camees and mosaics yesterday for nearly fifty

"Oh, you sell camees and mosaics, "Oh, you sell cameds and mosaics, you two!
Show me your cameds, and I will show you my
musical boxes. I have such pretty ones, with
colored views of Geneva and Chillos on the
lide, playing two, lour, six, and even eight
tunes. Bah! I win give you a concert!"
And with this he unstrapped his pack, disslayed his little boxes on the table, and wound
them up one after the other, to the delight of
the Italians.

"I helped to make them myself, every one,"
aid he promity. "Is it not pretty music? I

"I helped to make them myself, every one," said he proudly. "Is it not pretty music? I sometimes set one of them when I go to bed at aight, and fall asleep listening to it. I am sure, then, to have sleasast dreams! But let as see your cameus. Pernaps I may buy one or Marie, if they are not too dear. Marie is my sweet-heart, and we are to be married next week."

"Next week!" exclaimed Stefano. "That

"Next week!" exclaimed Sterano. "That is very soon. Battiste has a sweet-heart also, ap at Impruneta; but they will have to wait a long time before they can buy the ring."

Battisto blushed like a girl.
"Hush, orother!" said he. "Show the cames te Christien, and give your tongue a heli-

ces to Christien, and give your tongue a heliday!"

But Christien was not so to be put off.

"What is her unme?" said he, "Tush!

Buttisto, you must tell me her name! Is she pretty? Is she dark or fair? Do you often see her when you are at home? Is she very foud of you? Is she as fend of you as Marie is of me?"

"Nay, how should I knew that?" asked the seberer Buttisto. "She loves me, and I leve her—that is all."

"And her name?"

"And her name?"
"Margherita."

"A charming name! And she is herself as pretty as her name, I'll engage. Did you say the was fair?"

"I said nothing about it one way or the other," said Battisto, unlocking a green box riamped with iron, and taking out tray after tray of his pretty wares! "There! Those idetures all inlaid in little bits are Roman mossies—the flowers on a black ground are Finentise. The ground is of hard, dark stone, and the flowers are made of thin slices of jasper, enyx, cornelian, and so forth. These forget-me-nots, for instance, are bits of turquoise, and that poppy is cut from a piece of peral."

"I like the Roman ones best," said Christien. "What place is that with all the trahes?"

"This is the Coliseum, and the one next to it is St. Peter's. But we Florentines care little for the Roman work. It is not half so fine or so valuable as eurs. The Romans make their mo-taise of composition."
"Composition or no, I like the little land-scapes best," said Christien. There is a lovely one, with a pointed building, and a tree, and arountains at the back. How I should like that tope for Marie!" " You may have it for eight frames," replied Battiste; "we sold two of them yesterday for ten each. It represents the tomb of Caius Cestins, near Rome."

"A tomb!" echeed Christien, considerably ismayed. "Diable! That would be a disma!

tismayed. "Diable! That would be a dismal resent to one's bride."
"She would never guess that it was a temb
if you did not tell her," suggested Stefano.
Christien shock his head. That would be next door to deceiving her,

"Nat would so next deor to deceiving her," said he.

"Nay," interposed my brother, "the owner of that tomb has been dead there eighteen or idneteen hundred years. One almost forgets tan he was ever buried in it."

"Eighteen or sineteen hundred years? Then to was a heathen?"

"Undoubtedly, if by that you mean that he

"Undoubtedly, if by that you mean that he ived before Christ."

Christien's face tignted up immediately.

"Qb, that setties the question," and he, pullag out he little canvas purse, and paying his soney down at once. "A heafhen's tomb is as good as so tomb at all, I'll have it made into a broach for her, at Interlaken. Tell me, Batisto, what shall you take home to Italy for your Margherita?"

Battisto laughed and chinked his eight rance. "That depends on trade," said he; "if we make good predits between this and Christians I may take her a Swiss muslin from Berne; but we have already been away seven menths, and we have hardly rande a hundred france swer and above our expenses."

And with this the talk turned upon general

And with this the talk turned upon general catters, the Florentines locked away their reasures, Christien restrapped his pack; and my brother and all went down tegether, and washfasted in the open air outside the inn.

It was a magnificant morning; cloudless and anny, with a cool breeze that rustled in the rine upon the porch antificeked the table with nnny, with a cool breeze that rustled in the time upon the porch, and flecked the table with hifting shadows of green leaves. All around and about them stood great mountains with their blue white glaciers bristling lown to the 'weige of the pastures, and he pine-woods creeping darkly up their does. To the left, the Wetterhorn; to the right, the Eigher; straight before them, dazaling and imperishable, like an obelisk of frost-st silver, the Schreckhorn, or Peak of Tercer. Freakfast over, they bade farewell to their hostises, and, meuntain-staff in hand, took the Wengern Alp. Half in light, half in shadow, ay the quiet valley, dotted over with farms, and traversed by a torrent that rushed, milk, white, from its prison in the glacier. The three lads walked briskly in advance, their wices chiming together every now and then in sides chiming together every now and then in boras of laughter. Somehow my broker felt ad. He lingered behind, and, plucking a little of flower from the bank, watched it burry away with the terrent, like a life on the stream of time, Why was his heart so heavy, and why were their hearts so light?

As the day went on my brother's melancholy and the mirth of the young men seemed to insease. Full of youth and hope they talked of the joyous future, and built up pleasant castles in the air. Battisto, grown more communicative, admitted that to marry Margherita, and become a master mesaicist, would fulfil the opcome a master mosaicist, would fulfil the dearest dream of his life. Stefane, not being in love, preferred to travel. Christain, who somed to be the most prosperous, declared thesit, was his darling ambition to rent a farm in it was his darling ambition to rent a farm in his native Kander Valley, and lead the pattriarchailife of his fathers. As for the musical-box trade, he said, one should live in Geneva, to make it answer; and, for his part, he loved the pine forests and the snow peaks bette than all the towns in Europe. Marie, toe, he t been born among the mountains, and it we nid break for heart if she thought she were to vive in Geneva all her life and never see the Kinder I had again. Charting thus the merning, were on to noon, and the party rested awis a in the shade of a clump of gigantic firs, feet sweed with trailing banners of gray-green fixe. title per on the per of the per o

fruit cak ur stoo, i Alexa

15. they ate their lunch, to the silvery music fone of Christien's little boxes, and bymustr Tone of Christien's little boxes, and byeast to be end the sullen echo of an avalanche
for away on the shoulder of the Jungfrau.
Then they went on again in the burning aftermoon, to heights where the Alp-rese fails
from the sterile steep, and the brown lichen
grews more and mere scantily among the stones.
Here only the bleached and barren skeletons of
a forest of dead pines varied the desolate monotony; and high on the summit of the pass
stond a little solitary inn, between them and
the aky.

botoxia little solitary inn, between them and the sky.

At this inn they rested again, and drank to the treath of Christien and his bride in a jug of country wine. He was in uncontrollable spirits, and shook fands with them all. over and over again.

By nightfall temorrow, "said he, "I shall held her once more in my arms! It is now

"By nightfall tomorrow," said he, "I shall hold her once more in my arms! It is new mearly two years since I came home to see her, at the end of my apprenticeship. Now I am foreman, with a salary of thirty france a week, and well able to marry."

"Thirty francs a week!" echoed Battisto. "Gerpe di Bacco! that is a little fortune."

Christien's face beamed.

"Yes," said he, "we shall be very happy; and by-and-by-who knows?—we may end our days in the Kander Thal, and bring up out children to succeed us. Ah! If Marie knew that I should be there tomerrow night, how delighted she would be !"